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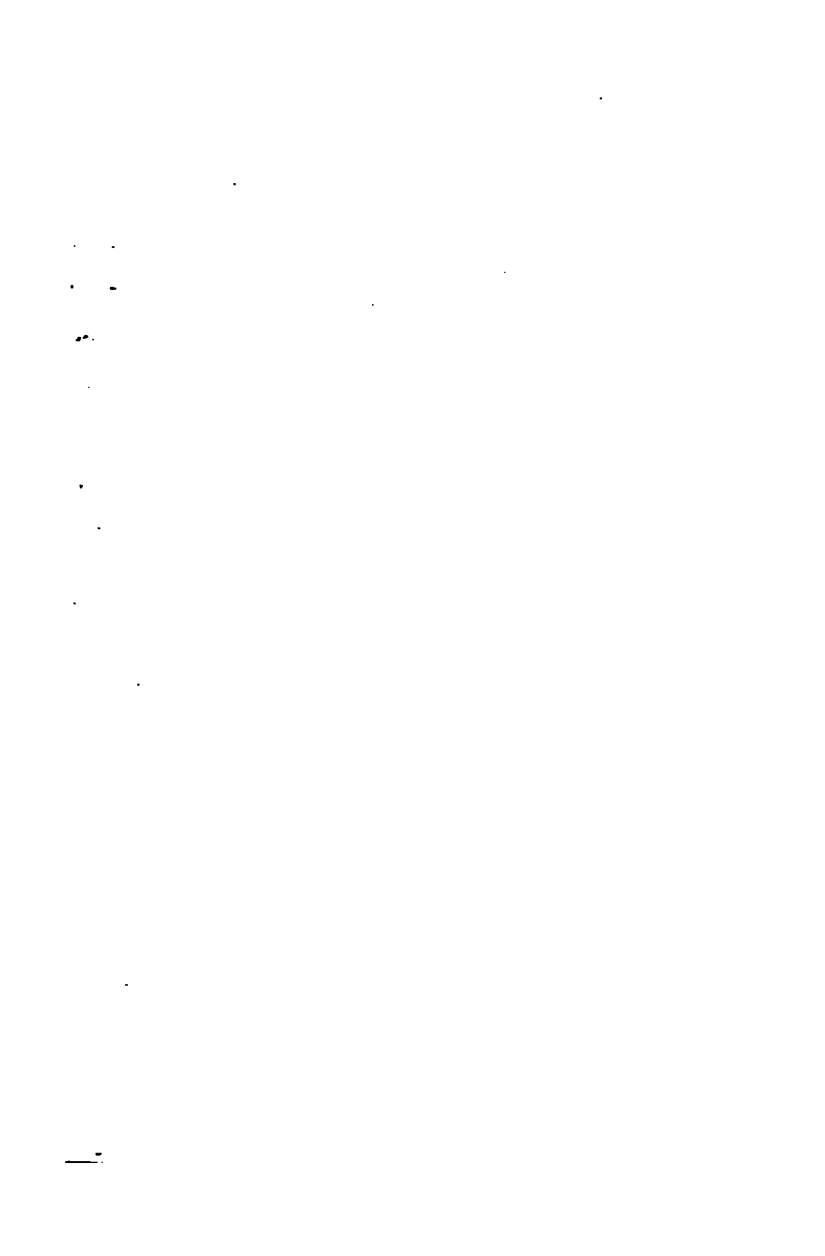
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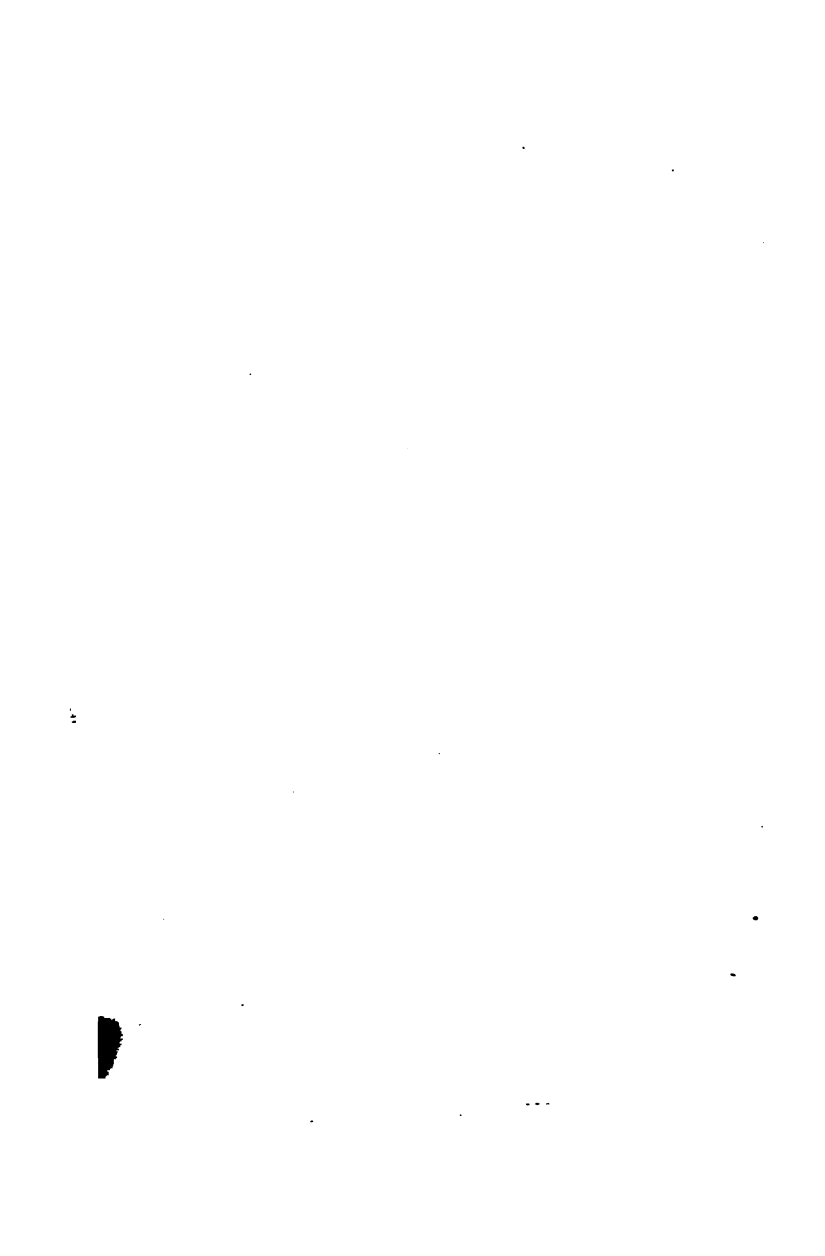
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POEMS
—FOR—
YOUNG JUDAEANS





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Poems for Young Judaicans



Revised Edition

New York
Young Judaea
44 East 23rd Street
1917

INTRODUCTION

The present collection — a revision of Young Judaea's earlier collection of poems—is an attempt to gather into one small volume the best English lyrics on Zionist and other Jewish subjects. The collection has one avowed purpose: To be serviceable to the Young Judaea clubs. Though its usefulness should prove much wider, where choice and exclusion were necessary, the needs of our clubs have been the deciding factor. No poem is too "old" for any child, because poetry is ageless in every sense, and a child often loves best the song that it cannot understand. For this reason no line has been drawn between the poems for senior clubs, whose members are mentally mature, and the rhymes for the youngest children. Under certain circumstances, any poem herein contained may be used by any club.

The poems have been grouped under headings, in order to help the leaders or club members in finding themes suitable for certain occasions. But these headings are only suggestive, not absolute. Under the holy day headings, for instance, are grouped many poems that may well be used on other occasions.

That the collection is incomplete must be taken for granted. The limitations of space and of editorial judgment make this inevitable. Also, *new songs are daily appearing, because ours is a national movement in its springtime of song.*

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Songs of Longing and Return

LONGING FOR JERUSALEM

O City of the World,
With sacred splendor blest,
My spirit yearns for thee
From out the far-off West.

A stream of love wells forth
When I recall thy day,
Now is thy Temple waste,
Thy glory passed away.

Had I an eagle's wings
Straight would I fly to thee,
Moisten thy holy dust
With wet cheeks streaming free.

Oh, how I long for thee!
Although thy King has gone,
Although where balm once flowed,
The serpent dwells alone.

Could I but kiss thy dust,
So would I fain expire,
As sweet as honey then
My longing, my desire.

Jehuda Halevi.

ON THE VOYAGE TO JERUSALEM

A watery waste the sinful world has grown,
With no dry spot whereon the eye can rest,
No man, no beast, no bird to gaze upon.
Can all be dead, with silent sleep possessed?
Oh, how I long the hills and vales to see,
To find myself on barren steppes were bliss.
I peer about, but nothing greeteth me,
Naught save the ship, the clouds, the waves' abyss,
The crocodile which rushes from the deeps;
The flood foams gray; the whirling waters reel,
Now like its prey whereon at last it sweeps,
The ocean swallows up the vessel's keel.
The billows rage—exult, oh soul of mine,
Soon shalt thou enter the Lord's sacred shrine.

Jehuda Halevi.

THE NEW EZEKIEL

What, can these dead bones live, whose sap is dried
By twenty scorching centuries of wrong?
Is this the House of Israel, whose pride
Is as a tale that's told, an ancient song?
Are these ignoble relics all that live
Of psalmist, priest, and prophet? Can the breath
Of very heaven bid these bones revive,
Open the graves and clothe the ribs of death?
Yea, Prophecy, the Lord hath said. Again
Say to the wind, Come forth and breathe afresh.
Even that they may live upon these slain.

And bone to bone shall leap, and flesh to flesh.
The Spirit is not dead, proclaim the word,
Where lay dead bones, a host of armed men stand!
I ope your graves, my people, saith the Lord,
And I shall place you living in your land.

Emma Lazarus.

THE WORLD'S JUSTICE

If sudden tidings came
That on some far, foreign coast,
Buried ages long from fame,
Had been found a remnant lost
Of that hoary race who dwelt
By the golden Nile divine,
Spake the Pharaoh's tongue and knelt
At the moon-crowned Isis' shrine—
How at reverend Egypt's feet
Pilgrims from all lands would meet!

If the sudden news were known
That anigh the desert-place
Where once blossomed Babylon,
Scions of a mighty race
Still survived, of giant build,
Huntsmen, warriors, priest and sage,
Whose ancestral flame had filled,
Trumpet-tongued, the earlier age,
How at old Assyria's feet
Pilgrims from all lands would meet!

*Yet when Israel's self was young,
And Assyria's bloom unworn,*

Ere the mythic Homer sung,
Ere the gods of Greece were born,
Lived the nation of one God,
Priests of freedom, sons of Shem,
Never quelled by yoke or rod,
Founders of Jerusalem—
Is there one abides to-day,
Seeker of dead cities, say!

Answer, now as then, they are;
Scattered broadcast o'er the lands,
Knit in spirit nigh and far,
With indissoluble bands.
Half the world adores their God,
They the living law proclaim,
And their guerdon is—the rod,
Stripes and scourgings, death and shame.
Still on Israel's head forlorn,
Every nation heaps its scorn.

Emma Lazarus.

GIFTS

"O World-God, give me Wealth!" the Egyptian
cried.

His prayer was granted. High heaven behold
Palace and pyramid; the brimming tide

Of lavish Nile washed all his land with gold.
Armies of slaves toiled ant-wise at his feet,
World-circling traffic roared through mart and
street,

His priests were gods, his spice-balmed kings en-
shrined,

Set death at naught in rock-ribbed channels deep.
Seek Pharaoh's race to-day and ye shall find
Rust and the moth, silence and dusty sleep.

"O World-God give me Beauty!" cried the Greek.
His prayer was granted. All the earth became
Plastic and vocal to his sense; each peak,
Each grove, each stream, quick with Promethean
flame,
Peopled the world with imaged grace and light,
The lyre was his, and his the breathing might
Of the immortal marble, his the play
Of diamond pointed thought and golden tongue.
Go seek the sunshine race, ye find to-day
A broken column and a lute unstrung.

"O World-God, give me Power!" the Roman cried.
His prayer was granted. The vast world was
chained
A captive to the chariot of his pride.
The blood of myriad provinces was drained
To feed that fierce, insatiable red heart.
Invulnerably bulwarked every part
With serried legions and with close-meshed code.
Within, the burrowing worm had gnawed its home,
A roofless ruin stands where once abode
The imperial race of everlasting Rome.

"O Godhead, give me Truth," the Hebrew cried.
His prayer was granted; he became the slave
Of the Idea, a pilgrim far and wide,
Cursed, hated, spurned, and scourged with none
to save.

The Pharaohs knew him, and when Greece beheld,
His wisdom wore the hoary crown of eld.
Beauty he hath forsworn, and wealth and power.
Seek him to-day, and find in every land,
No fire consumes him, neither floods devour;
Immortal through the lamp within his hand.

Emma Lazarus.

PALESTINE

I

O hallowed land of mighty deed,
Palestine, my Palestine;
That heroes oft from tyrants freed,
Palestine, my Palestine;
Where fought the Maccabaeon breed,
Where great Bar Kochba's heart did bleed,
Prepare to greet your Chosen Seed,
Palestine, my Palestine!

II

They smote your heart with iron hand,
Palestine, my Palestine;
They hurled at you the blazing brand,
Palestine, my Palestine;
Where rose your fanes, they left but sand,
And waste they laid your lovely strand,
Your sons they drove a captive band,
Palestine, my Palestine!

III

Your skies gaze down in purest blue,
Palestine, my Palestine;

And bathe your peaks in brilliant hue,
Palestine, my Palestine;
Your dancing waves bring tidings true,
Your cedars tall the tale renew:
Your children come again to you,
Palestine, my Palestine!

IV

O land where David reared his throne,
Palestine, my Palestine;
Where first the seed of Truth was sown,
Palestine, my Palestine;
O land where the Glory of God has shone.
Resume the role you once have known!
Prepare to welcome back your own,
Palestine, my Palestine!

Israel Goldberg.

A CITY GATE IN PALESTINE

I love to dream with eyes half-closed
Of cities far away,
Of home-returning caravans,
Which, at the dusk of day
Move slowly down the dusty road,
As keen-eyed merchants wait,
While sunset blossoms like a rose
Behind the city's gate.

The city's gate: it really seems
That I went there one day,
Perhaps to purchase and to sell
Or watch the children play;

Or listen to the ancient tale
The elders loved to tell;
Or filled the pitchers for the maids
Who gossiped at the well.

The land we love is torn with war;
No voice is raised in song;
And yet in dreams I find the path
My heart has known so long.
The Land of Hope is still mine own,
Where safe from foeman's hate
I meet the sons of long ago
Within the city's gate.

E. C. Ehrlich.

SAND AND STARS

(After Frug)

The silver moon shines, and the diamond stars
twinkle,
The night soars o'er land and o'er main;
The Book of Creation before me is open—
I read it—and read it again.

I read and repeat the old, marvellous stories—
A voice calls in answer to me:
"My people shall be as the stars of the heaven,
As sand on the shore of the sea!"

Oh, heavenly Father, not one of thy sayings
Has ever proved vain or untrue;
Thy will on the earth, as thy will in the heaven
Must come, when its season is due.

And half of thy promise has long been accomplished—
Thy people became as the sand,
As gloomy and trampled, as humble and wind-tossed,
As scattered on sea and on land.

Yea, half of thy promise has long been accomplished—
Thy people is trodden as sod;
But what of the beauteous, the lofty, the shining,
The heavenly stars—Oh my God?

P. M. Raskin.

IN THE LAND OF OUR FATHERS

Blue are the skies in the land of our fathers—
A blue of a beauteous sheen;
Through the clearness of air on the farthest horizon
The mountains of Judah are seen.

Broad are the dales in the land of our fathers,
Sweet with the fragrance of flowers;
Fair-smelling groves where the almond-trees mur-
mur,
Vistas of grape-girded bowers.

High are the hills in the land of our fathers
To reach to the vaulting sky;
Israelites, sturdily tilling and reaping,
Are chanting their carols nearby.

Bright gleams the moon in the land of our fathers,
Aglint on the evening dew,—

Through myriad stars the queen of the even
Sails on the sea of blue.

Fair are the babes in the land of our fathers,
Comely and gladsome and gay;—
Godly the words of the songs they are singing—
Sweet cherubs of innocence they.

From the Hebrew of K. L. Sillman, by Samuel Roth.

WANDERING

Little man of sorrows, whither would you wander?
Whither from this sunny isle with step so firm
and bold?

“I am going to the City to hear the Word of
God,

My glory is to tread the soil on which my
Fathers trod;

I am going to the City to hear the Word of God.”

Little man of sorrows, whither would you wander?
Is thy quest a fairer heaven or a flower of brighter
hue?

“I am going to the City where my people strive,
To share their wounds and fight their foes, en-
courage and revive;

I am going to the City wherein my people strive.”

Little man of sorrows, whither would you wander?
When the sun is in thy zenith here, and hope so
golden too?

“I am going to the City to share my people’s
pain,

To prove with deeds of daring that their struggle
is not vain;
I am going to the City to share my people's pain."

Little man of sorrows, whither would you wander,
Whither from this sunny isle with step so firm
and bold?

"I am going to the country where my Fathers
ruled of old;

My quest is not a fairer sky, nor a sun of white
and gold;

I am going to the country where my Fathers ruled
of old."

Samuel Roth.

MOUNTAINS

Oh, many lofty mountains
In foreign lands I've seen
Stand, frozen in the winter,
In summer rich and green.

Their peaks are white and mighty,
With never-melting snow,
And down their great abysses
The bursting waters go.

Yes, grand they are and splendid,
But strangers they become,
Oh, Judah, when I think of thee
And the long, low hills of Home!

Sulamith Ish-Kishor.

HOMELESS

O, Mother, in the street to-day
I saw an old, old man;
His eyes were sad; I stopped my play,
And to his side I ran;
Upon his back a heavy sack;
His beard was white, his eyes were black.

I touched this traveler's staff; I said:
"What have you in your bag?"
He did not smile; he shook his head:
"My people's load I drag;
The staff of faith is in my hand;
My son, I seek the Holy Land."

"And who is King," I wondering said,
"And rules the land you seek?"
The old man smiled and shook his head;
"His name I dare not speak—
But there my sack and staff shall fall,
And I'll grow young and straight and tall."

With age he trembled as he spoke,
And said: "I shall not die."
Though worn and ragged was his cloak,
He said: "A prince am I,
My son, this wonder you will see,"
He said, "for you'll be there with me."

Jessie E. Sampter.

THE PROMISED LAND

O little Land of lapping seas,
Of vineyards, vales and hills,
Of tender rains and rainbow plains,
Of deserts and of rills;
O little Land of mounting crags,
Of lonely height and deep,
A world away thy children stray
And long and wait and weep.

Refrain:

From Egypt's flesh-pots, Lord of wrath,
With mighty outstretched hand,
Through seas and mountains cleave our path;
Oh Lord, redeem our Land!

I know the golden oranges
Englobed beneath the moon,
The sky that spills 'twixt seas and hills
Its shining draught of noon,
The vines that bind our holy hills
With grapes like jewels set,
The silver green of olive sheen—
Oh, can my soul forget!

O little Land of holy men,
Of fearless dream and deed,
From clime to clime the storms of time,
Have strown thy hardy seed;
And fearless still, and holy still,
We sang through hate and shame,

With faith we fought, with deed and thought,
And God's enduring name.

My heart is singing like a bird
Of home that still may be,
And joys I dared to leave, and spared,
Hold out their arms to me.
We cannot sleep in cushioned ease,
Nor yield to martial will,
But we must hear God's trumpet clear
Sound peace upon His Hill.

Jessie E. Sampter.

THE CHOSEN ONES OF ISRAEL

The chosen ones of Israel are scatter'd far and wide:
Where flows the lordly Tiber, where rolls the At-
lantic tide,

By Danube's winding waters, by Hudson's crystal
springs,

Dwell the myriad descendants of the Prophets and
the Kings.

Abroad along the valleys are their habitations found,
They are hunters in the forest, and tillers of the
ground,

The rising sun beholds them in torrid realms afar,
And on their broken legions looks down the northern
star.

In the old world's crowded cities, in the prairies of
the new,

Unchanged amid all changes, to their faith forever
true,

Alike by Niger's fountains and by Niagara's flood

Still flow, unmix'd, the currents of the grand, heroic
blood.
Ye mourn your lasting exile, your temple strewn in
dust,
Yet forget not ye the promise of the righteous and
the just,
Ye know ye shall be gathered, from every clime
and shore,
And be again the chosen of Jehovah evermore.
From Assyria, Egypt, Elam, from Patmos, Cush,
Shinar,
From Hamath, and the islands of foreign seas afar,
From all the earth's four corners, where Israel's
children roam,
Shall the dispers'd of Judah throng to their long
promised home.
And again, like some high mountain whose tops are
crown'd with snow,
Shall the Temple's thousand turrets in the golden
sunset glow—
And again before their altars shall the congregations
stand,
On thy plains, O lov'd Jerusalem! the happy, holy
land!

Park Benjamin.

THE JEWISH MAY

May has come from out the showers,
Sun and splendor in her train.
All the grasses and the flowers
Waken up to life again.
Once again the leaves do show,

And the meadow-blossoms blow,
Once again thro' hills and dales
Ring the songs of nightingales.

Who then, tell me, old and sad,
Nears us with a heavy tread?
See, he looks, and shakes his head.
On the sward in verdure clad,
Lonely is the strange newcomer,
Wearily he walks and slow,—
His sweet springtime and summer
Faded long and long ago.
Say, who is it yonder walks
Past the hedge-rows decked anew,
While a fearsome spectre stalks
By his side, the woodland thro'?
'Tis our ancient friend the Jew!
No sweet fancies hover round him,
Naught but terror and distress.
While, revealed
In wounds unhealed,
Withered corpses;—old affections,
Ghosts of former recollections,
Buried youth and happiness.

Brier and blossom bow to meet him
In derision round his path;
Gloomily the hemlock greets him,
And the crow screams out in wrath.
Strange the birds, and strange the flowers,
Strange the sunshine seems and dim,
Folk on earth and heav'nly powers,—
Lo, the May is strange to him.

Little flowers, it were meeter
If ye made not quite so bold:
Sweet are ye, but oh, far sweeter
Knew he in the days of old!

Oranges by thousands glowing
Filled the groves on either hand,—
All the plants were God's own sowing
In his happy, far off land!
Ask the cedars on the mountain!
Ask them for they know him well!
Myrtles green by Sharon's fountain
In whose shade he loved to dwell!
Ask the Mount of Olives beauteous,—
Ev'ry tree, by ev'ry stream!—
One and all will answer duteous
For the fair and ancient dream.

O'er the desert and the pleasance
Gales of Eden softly blew,
And the Lord his loving Presence
Evermore declared anew.
Angel-children at their leisure
Played in thousands round his tent,
Countless thoughts of joy and pleasure
God to his beloved sent.
Gone that dream so fair and fleeting!
Yet behold: thou dream'st anew!
Hark! a new May gives the greeting
From afar. Dost hear it, Jew?
Weep no more, altho with sorrows
Wearied e'en to death: I see
Happier years and brighter morrows.

Hear'st thou not the promise ring,
Dawning, oh, my Jew, for thee!

Hark! your olives shall be shaken,
And your citrons and your limes
Filled with fragrance, God shall waken,
Lead you, as in olden times.

In the pasture by the river
Ye once more your flocks shall tend;
Ye shall live, and live for ever,
Happy lives that know no end.
No more wand'ring, no more sadness;
Peace shall be your lot, and still
Hero-hearts shall throb with gladness,
'Neath Moriah's silent hill.

Morris Rosenfeld.

TRAVELLER! TRAVELLER!

Traveller! Traveller! can you tell me
Of the Spring in Palestine?
Do the flowers burst a'blooming,
Do the fields with vigor shine,
In the holy, holy land that once was mine?

Do the birds entreat the woodlands
With a mystic melody,
Like to that which David mused on,
When he made the psalms to be?
Tell me, Traveller, of the golden Galilee.

Edward Davis.

BUT WHO SHALL SEE

But who shall see the glorious day
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away
Which hides the nations now?
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie;
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye.

Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendor shall return,
And all be new again.
The fount of life shall then be quaff'd
In peace by all who come;
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home.

Thomas Moore.

THE WILD GAZELLE

The wild gazelle on Judah's hills
Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
That gush on holy ground:
Its airy step and glorious eye
May glance in tameless transport by:—

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
Hath Judah witness'd there;
And o'er her scenes of lost delight
Inhabitants more fair.

The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone!

More blest each palm that shades those plains
Than Israel's scatter'd race;
For, taking root, it there remains
In solitary grace:
It cannot quit its place of birth,
It will not live in other earth.


But we must wander witheringly,
In other lands to die;
And where our fathers' ashes be,
Our own may never lie:
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

Lord Byron.

GOOD TIDINGS TO ZION

On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive, God Himself will loose thy bands.

Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning! Zion still is well-beloved.



God, thy God will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy Friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
Great deliverance Zion's King vouchsafes to send!

Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blest;
All thy conflicts end in everlasting rest.

Thomas Kelly.

THE JEWISH PILGRIM

Are these the ancient, holy hills
Where angels walked of old?
Is this the land our story fills
With glory not yet cold?
For I have pass'd by many a shrine,
O'er many a land and sea—
But still, O promised Palestine,
My dreams have been of thee!

I see thy mountain-cedars green,
Thy valleys fresh and fair,
With summers bright, as they have been
When Israel's home was there;
Though o'er thee sword and time have past,
And cross and crescent shone,
And heavily the chain hath press'd—
But thou art still our own!

Thine are the wandering race that go
Unblest through every land,
Whose blood hath stain'd the Polar snow
And quench'd the desert sand;
And thine the homeless hearts that turn
From all earth's shrines to thee,
With their lone faith, for ages borne
In sleepless memory.

For thrones are fall'n and nations gone
Before the march of Time,
And where the ocean roll'd alone
Are forests in their prime,
Since Gentile ploughshares marr'd the brow
Of Zion's holy hill;—
Where are the Roman eagles now?—
Yet Judah wanders still!

And hath she wander'd thus in vain,
A pilgrim of the past?
No!—long deferr'd her hope hath been,
But it shall come at last;
For in her wastes a voice I hear,
As from some prophet's urn—
It bids the nations build not there,
For Jacob shall return!

Frances Browne.

ZION, AWAKE!

Awake, Jerusalem, rejoice!
Thy night is glimmering into noon.
Zion, arise! lift up thy voice;
Thy sorrows shall be ended soon.

Arise, put on thy robe of white;
Deck thee with beauty; let each gem
Sparkle its fairest to the light;
Put on thy crown, Jerusalem.

Thy widowhood is over now;
Strip off thy weeds; in bridal gold
And Orient pearls thy glory show,
More regal than in days of old.

He comes, with His own hand to press
Each wrinkle from thy care-worn brow;
'Tis joy, and song, and mirth, and bliss,
All Hallel and Hosanna now.

Horatius Bonar.

THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL

Daughter of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the South,—“Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O North!”

They come, they come;—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

James Montgomery.

JEWISH LULLABY

My harp is on the willow-tree,
Else would I sing, O love, to thee
A song of long ago—
Perchance the song that Miriam sung
Ere yet Judaea's heart was wrung
By centuries of woe.

I ate my crust in tears to-day,
As scourged I went upon my way—
And yet my darling smiled;
Ay, beating at my breast, he laughed—
My anguish curdled not the draught—
'Twas sweet with love, my child!

The shadow of the centuries lies
Deep in thy dark and mournful eyes—
But, hush! and close them now;
And in the dreams that thou shalt dream
The light of other days shall seem
To glorify thy brow.

Our harp is on the willow-tree—
I have no song to sing to thee,

As shadows round us roll.
But hush and sleep, and thou shalt hear
Jehovah's voice that speaks to cheer
Judaea's fainting soul!

Eugene Field.

Songs of Loyalty

THE JEW

In ancient times upon the altar
A hundred oxen burned;
The gilded horns beneath the halter
To smoke and ash were turned:
We did not stint nor ask the price;
Our best we brought to sacrifice.

To-day the Temple lies in ashes;
Yet costlier gifts we bring;
From Jewish eyes the alter flashes
With flames of suffering.
We do not stint nor count the price:
Our hearts, our lives we sacrifice.

Jessie E. Sampter.

BE THOU A JEW

Be thou a Jew! Let oppressors scoff
And jeer who will. But be thou steadfast,
And thy firm faith shall be to thee a shield,
Impenetrable and invincible,
Against thine enemies.

Be thou a Jew!
Thy people are the Chosen Ones, for God
Will ever champion the cause of Right;
And though storms of adversity compel
Thy faith to waver, hold thy grasp—
For brighter, better days are yet to come.

Samuel E. Loveman.

THEY TELL ME

They tell me, "Give thy nation up,
The ancient graves resign.
Give up thy soul—then plenty, wealth.
And greatness shall be thine."

They tell me: "Think not to rebuild
The city, proud and tall,
Of whose old splendor there is left
Only a crumbling wall.

"Dream not thy nation to arouse
Out of its slumber deep.
Behold, it has so many years
Lain in a marmot's sleep!"

False prophets, hush, fie, charlatans!
I swerve not from the goal.
I will not give my honor up,
I will not sell my soul.

The path my fathers trod through life
I follow straight and clear;
Should death demand me, I will mount
The scaffold without fear.

My God, my race, I will not change
For gold or jewels' fires.
More than a stranger's treasure-house,
A grave among my sires.

(Translated from the Hebrew by Alice Stone Blackwell.)

Ezekiel Leavitt.

WHAT TO BE PROUD OF

I must not think much of my shoes or my frock,
Or my hat with its nice curly feather,
For Mammy she tells me, "You cannot be proud
Of stuff such as silk, straw and leather."

And Mammy says, "Child, if you want to be proud.
Be proud, then, of something far better."
And she won't let me think I am pretty or smart,
Or can draw, or can write a nice letter.

"What may I be proud of?" I asked her to-day;
And she answered, "Be proud of your race;
That's wiser than thinking of jewels or clothes,
Of your talents, your wealth, or your face.

"Be proud you belong to the Nation that gave
The Commandments of God to the world.
Be proud that through years of oppression we kept
The banner of Israel unfurled.

"Be proud of our law, and stand firm to our faith,
Win respect and esteem for our creed,
If strangers think better of Jews for your sake,
You may be a proud girlie indeed."

Re Henry.

THE MYSTIC TIE

There is a mystic tie that binds
The children of the Hebrew race,
In bonds of sympathy and love
Which time and change cannot efface.

Go to the North where Polar stars
Look down on fields of ice and snow;
Go where, in sunny tropic climes,
The gentle breezes softly blow.

Go to the countries of the East,
Arabia and the Hindoo land;
Go where the calm Pacific sweeps
'Gainst California's golden strand.

And there, in reverent tones, is heard
The sacred cry, always the same:
"O Israel, hear! our God is one;
Blest be for aye His holy name!"

This is the mystic tie that binds
The children of the Hebrew race;
This is the grand and holy bond
Which time and change cannot efface.

Max Meyerhardt.

HEBREW CRADLE SONG

Night has on the earth descended,
All around is silence deep.
Sleep, my darling, I am with thee;
Sleep a calm and peaceful sleep.

In our native fields aforetime,
Wondrous songs we used to sing,
Improvising them in gardens
Turning green with early spring.

Where grew daffodils and myrtles,
Stately palms upreared their height,
Cypress trees spread wide their branches,
Splendid roses blossomed bright.

To the school, my son, I'll lead thee
By the hand; there thou shalt learn
All our Bible and our knowledge.
Wondrous pearls thou wilt discern—

Pearls of wisdom in our Talmud,
Gems our sages' lore affords;
Thou shalt taste of prayer's first sweetness
And the charm of God's great words.

Ne'er forget thou art a Hebrew!
Little son, remember well,
Even to the grave, the stories
That thy mother used to tell!

Ezekiel Leavitt.

Zionism

THEODOR HERZL

Farewell, O Prince, farewell, O sorely tried!
You dreamed a dream and you have paid the cost:
To save a people leaders must be lost,
By foe and followers be crucified.
Yet 'tis your body only that has died,
The noblest soul in Judah is not dust
But fire that works in every vein and must
Reshape our life, rekindling Israel's pride.

So we behold the captain of our strife
Triumphant in the moment of eclipse;
Death has but fixed him in immortal life,
His flag upheld, his trumpet at his lips,
And while we, weeping, rend our garment's hem,
"Next year," we cry, "next year, Jerusalem."

Israel Zangwill.

THEODOR HERZL

Such men are rare—they tow'r above mankind
Like Himalayan peaks that touch the skies—
Missioned for a majestic enterprise,
They sway not in the fury of the wind;
And on the scroll of life their names are signed
In characters of flame. The great and wise
Know them afar, and at their bidding rise
To nobler conquests of the heart and mind.

Thou, too, hast dreamed a world compelling dream—
With glance prophetic and unfalt'ring soul
Thy Israel thou strovest to redeem,
And lead the sorrowing to a longed-for goal.

If thou wert dreaming, Herzl, sleep content—
A dream like thine God unto Moses sent.

Felix N. Gerson.

ZIONISM

The story that Herzl told was true—
Too bitter true for tears;
The blood-marked trail of the homeless Jew
Winds back two thousand years.

Walled out by hate from the Gentile's heart,
And lashed by senseless lies,
The Jew has walked in the night—apart,
And shunned his brother's eyes.

But now, at last, he stands erect,
Nor fears to be alone;
No Czar, no king, no church, no sect,
Can keep him from his own.

His flag shall fly where his fathers fought,
In the homeland of the Jew:
One race! One flag! One nation! Why not?
For the dream of the strong comes true.

Herbert N. Casson.

TWO THRONES

"Is it true, O tell me, mother,
What I was in Cheder told,
That there are two thrones in heaven,
One of tears and one of gold.

That the throne of gold by Gentiles
Given was to God to use,
And the throne of tears—unused yet—
Was presented by the Jews.

And when God upon the Jewish
Throne will sit in grace and might,
All the tears will turn to diamonds
And will shed a wondrous light.

And throughout the seven Heavens
Will resound God's mighty voice:
"Those who gave me tears a present
Bid I gladden and rejoice!"

But God cannot use the throne,
For it wants a single screw . . .
Mother, dear, O what a pity!
Is it, tell me, really true?"

"True, my child," the mother answered,
"What you were in Cheder told;
But that screw it must be, darling,
Not of tears and not of gold. . .

Forged it must be in the furnace
Of a brave, true Jewish heart . . .
But alas, my child, we cannot
Find a place the work to start. . . .

Thus our throne remains unfinished,
And throughout the endless years,

Day by day and hour by hour,
We are only adding tears. . . ."

Deep absorbed in thoughts the boy stood,
Muttered only: "Is it true?"

Then exclaimed, his eyes enkindled,
"Mother, I shall forge the screw!"

P. M. Raskin

THE MARCHING STEP TO ZION

Hear the Jewish soldiers marching
To the war of many lands;
Thousands of our brothers marching,
Guns for murder in their hands,
Guns for Jews across the border!
There is none to give the order:
"March to Zion!"

Do you hear the mothers moaning
As from burning roofs they flee?
Do you hear the wounded groaning,
Writhing in a bloody sea?
Had we stayed, were these our mothers,
These our sisters, fathers, brothers,
Waifs of Zion!

Chance has steered us through the water,
Chance has dropped us on the shores,
Chance abandoned us where slaughter
From the cannon's nostril pours,
But a law of God eternal
Plants within our hearts the vernal
Hope for Zion.

We are scattering Zion's forces,
Serving gods we never knew.
In the ancient Roman courses
Jew was forced to murder Jew:
Now again, but blind and willing,
Jewish blood the Jews are spilling
Not for Zion!

Rain and dew are turned to weeping,
Grain and fruit are turned to sand
Where the few our pledge were keeping,
Peaceful strugglers for the Land;
Host of Gog and Magog sweeping,
With the sword and spear are reaping
Fruits of Zion.

Let us not forget the Nation
That was built on rocks of law,
Not forget the revelation
That our fearless prophets saw!
Mid the empires' sinful scheming,
Let the midnights find us dreaming
Still of Zion.

"Not by might, but by my spirit,"
Saith the Lord that rears and slays:
Jacob's dream we still inherit,
Fugitive, in hopeless days.
Soldiers, rise! Mid flood or parching
Let us not forget the marching
Step to Zion.

Jessie E. Sampter.

A SONG OF ZION

We are coming, coming, coming! Fling our banner
to the breeze!

In thousands we are coming from beyond remotest
seas,

We are coming after centuries of sorrow and of toil
To make our home in Palestine and tread its holy
soil.

O let the song of gladness rise; let all the nations
hear

The anthem of a mighty host of Zion drawing near.
Across the mountains, through the vales, and o'er
the ocean's foam,

Behold the hosts of Israel are coming, coming home!

'Twas said of old by one whose lips were touched
by Heaven's fire,

That God's own house would be built up, than hills
and mountains higher;

That from its portals would go forth to all the world
the word,

That we may learn His way, and walk in truth be-
fore the Lord;

That sword and spear would broken be, and turned
to arts of peace;

That all the panoply of war and strife fore'er would
cease;

That nation shall not lift up sword 'gainst nation,
as of yore,

But listen to the voice of God and learn of war
no more.

O, Children of the Covenant, perhaps the day is
near,
E'en now, if you will listen, you may hear the ac-
cents clear
Of One who calls the scattered brood—come to Me!
children, come!
My hills are vacant. Here I am. I bid ye welcome
home!

Then answer—we are coming! Fling our banner to
the breeze!
In thousands we are coming from beyond remotest
seas.
We are coming after centuries of sorrow and of toil,
To make our home in Palestine and tread its holy
soil.

Carroll Ryan.

ZIONIST MARCHING SONG

Like the crash of the thunder
Which splitteth asunder
The flame of the cloud,
On our ears ever falling,
A voice is heard calling
From Zion aloud:
"Let your spirit's desires
For the land of your sires
Eternally burn.
From the foe to deliver
Our own holy river,
To Jordan return."
Where the soft, flowing stream

Murmurs low as in dream,
 There set we our watch.
 Our watchword "The sword
 Of our land and our Lord—"
 By Jordan there set we our watch.

Rest in peace, loved land,
 For we rest not, but stand,
 Off shaken our sloth.
 When the bolts of war rattle
 To shirk not the battle,
 We make thee our oath.
 As we hope for a Heaven,
 Thy chains shall be riven,
 Thine ensign unfurled.
 And in pride of our race
 We will fearlessly face
 The might of the world.
 When our trumpet is blown
 And our standard is flown,
 Then set we our watch.
 Our watchword, "The sword
 Of our land and our Lord—"
 By Jordan then set we our watch.

Yea, as long as there be
 Birds in air, fish in sea,
 And blood in our veins;
 And the lions in might
 Leaping down from the height,
 Shake, roaring, their manes;
 And the dew nightly laves
 The forgotten old graves

Where Judah's sires sleep,
We swear, who are living,
To rest not in striving,
To pause not to weep.
Let the trumpet be blown
Let the standard be flown,
Now set we our watch.
Our watchword, "The sword
Of our land and our Lord—"
By Jordan now set we our watch.

(Translated from the Hebrew of N. H. Imber)

Israel Zangwill.

SONG OF THE WANDERER

Lift the banner, O my people,
Of your ancient hope again;
March in concord to your homeland
To the beats of Zion's strain.

Enough of moans, moans, moans;
Enough of groans, groans, groans;
Enough of creeping and of weeping
On the exile's graveyard stones.

Sing the song of Israel's glory
To the top of Zion's height,
Where the springs of joy are bubbling
From the darkness into light.

Enough of fears, fears, fears;
Enough of tears, tears, tears;
Enough of paling and bewailing
In the wilderness of years.

See the slaves their bands are breaking
 In the black caves of the past!
 Hear free Israel's proud rejoicing
 On his sunny hills at last!
 Enough of chains, chains, chains;
 Enough of pains, pains, pains;
 Now only singing, only ringing,
 Loud and clear old Zion's strains,
 Loud and clear old Zion's strains.

Marion J. Watson.

THE SPIRIT OF YOUNG JUDAEA

See where the glory of Judah lies stricken,
 Pierced by the sword of a merciless foe;
 Gaze—and the limbs that were desolate quicken,
 Blood in the veins and life's ruddy glow.
 Out of the corpse there arises a stripling,
 Upright and tall and as fair as the dawn;
 Sweetly the laugh of his happiness rippling;
 Strength of the lion; the speed of the fawn.

Now is the glory of Judah returning;
 Here the rebirth of its valorous youth;
 See how the juvenile vigor is spurning
 Open assault—and the serpentine tooth.
 Israel's heroes shall rise in their power,
 Chosen from out of these militant young;
 Thus shall the race be maintained by its flower,
 Up from its death-throes so recently sprung!

Abraham Burstein

YOUNG JUDAEA

Hear the voice of Israel's elders,
Calling on Judaea's son:
"Who will be the future leaders
When the older men are gone?
Who will do what we have started,
Bring the Jew to ancient station;
Who will urge the weary-hearted,
Fight for right and live a nation?"

See the brave and youthful heroes
Coming onward with the call;
"When we're one oppressors fear us,
Courage, courage, brothers all."
Israel's patriots and sages
Taught us how to live like men;
Israel's youth, with hearts courageous,
Live for God and Race again!

"Every Jew is each man's brother,
Fighting on for God and Right,
Fearless, cheering one another,
Aiding all with main and might.
Hopeful-hearted, helpful-handed,
Join in union every Jew!
God will help us, when we're banded,
Build the nation up a-new!"

Samuel S. Grossman.

Songs of Legend and History

AGADAH

Whene'er with woes
My heart o'erflows,
 Yet will not hope surrender,
Of pain and grief
I seek relief
 In tales of ancient splendor.

And then I scan
The talisman
 Engraved by Israel's sages,
The tales of old
The Rabbis told
 In far-off wondrous ages.

My pain is stilled,
My heart is filled
 With joyous deep emotion;
I sail, I soar
From shore to shore
 The far Talmudic ocean.

I sail, I swim
Through streams that brim
 With silver-gliding waters;
On wave and shore
I meet once more
Fair Zion's sons and daughters.

And everywhere
Resounds the air
 With sweet old Judah's ditties,

And far and wide
On every side
 Rise Judah's towns and cities.
On elfin wings
I visit Kings,
 And rest in beauteous Eden;
In Ophir's fields,
Where David's shields
 And treasures rare are hidden.

Oh, Talmud, dear,
In thee I hear
 The voice of silent ages.
Oh, canst thou tell
Who gave such spell,
 To thy unfading pages.

P. M. Raskin.

BEZALEL

Bezalel, Bezalel,
In Sinai's wildest gloom,
Our gems we brought and there you wrought
Our worship's fitting room.

The tabernacle glittered
In Sinai's scorching sun;
With beauty in the desert
Our nation was begun.
A wandering host, we were not lost
Because the Ark was one.

Bezalel, Bezalel,
We need an Ark to-day!

We wander wide without a guide,
And soon must lose the way.
Unite us all through beauty
That all can understand!
We'll bring our gold and jewels,
We'll hear your least demand,
Should you be sent to build our Tent,
To show the Promised Land.

Jessie E. Sampter.

BEZALEL

Bezalel, filled with wisdom to design
Stones, precious wood, rich-embroidered fabrics,
gold,
Fed not the few with cunning manifold
Nor empty loveliness; his art divine
Set up a tabernacle as a sign
Of oneness for a rabble many-souled,
So that each span of desert should behold
A nomad people with a steadfast shrine.

But we, its sons, who wander in the dark,
Footsore, far-scattered, growing less and less,
What whiteness gleams our brotherhood to mark,
What promised land our journey's end to bless?
We are, unless we build some shrine or ark,
A dying rabble in a wilderness.

Israel Zangwill.

THE MISSION OF MOSES

When Israel in Egypt toiled and wept,
Moses afar the sheep of Jethro kept.

Unconscious of the coming word of God,
Following his flocks, the desert path he trod,
And as he sought to gather them one day,
A half-grown lamb chanced from the fold to stray.

He called the wand'rer back, but all in vain;
And far he followed it across the plain,
Until, at last, beside a streamlet's brink,
He saw the wearied creature stop to drink.


"Yea," Moses said, "in sooth I did not guess
'Twas thirst that made thee my command transgress.
Thou hast come far—perchance art wearied sore."
And homeward in his arms the lamb he bore.

Then spoke the Lord, "Since thus thy love provides
For these poor sheep that man to thee confides,
As thy soul liveth I will trust to thee
My flock—my people's shepherd thou shalt be."

Alice Lucas.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man built that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.



This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hillside for a pall!
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall!
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in his grave!

Cecil Frances Alexander.

JERICO

Around the walls of Jericho,
The Israelitish army go.

With steady tramp, their spears in hand
They follow out the Lord's command.

Six days, six journeys, now are past;
The sun has risen upon the last.

Scarce had the first flush of the dawn
Announced that weary night was gone,

When forth from every well-known tent
The mighty hosts of Israel went.

Thus early start they on their way;
Seven rounds must be fulfilled today.

Around the walls of Jericho
Steadily on the warriors go.

Six of the rounds already past,
And they have now commenced the last.

Throughout those ranks no sound is heard,
No merry jest, no cheering word.

There rises up no other sound
Than steady foot-beats on the ground.

Now suddenly they turn about,
And with one voice the people shout.

Down fall the walls of Jericho—
The heathen's power lieth low.

Frank Foxcroft.

SONG OF VICTORY FOR THE DEATH OF GOLIATH

Strike with joy the wild harp's string,
God, O Israel, is your King!
We have slain our deadliest foe;
David's arm hath laid him low.

Saul hath oft his thousands slain,
His trophies have bedecked the plain;
But David's tens of thousands lie
On fields of battle, mounting high.

Sound the trumpet, strike the string,
Loud let the song of victory ring;
Wreathe with glory David's brow,
He hath laid Goliath low.

Mark him on yon crimson plain;
He is conquered, he is slain,
He who lately rose so high,
Scoffed at man, and braved the sky.

Strike with joy the wild harp's string,
God, O Israel, is your King!
We have slain our deadliest foe;
David's arm hath laid him low.

Lucretia Davidson.

TRUE ROYALTY

There was never a Queen like Balkis,
From here to the wide world's end;
But Balkis talked to a butterfly
As you would talk to a friend.

There was never a King like Solomon,
Not since the world began;
But Solomon talked to a butterfly
As a man would talk to a man.

She was Queen of Sabaea
And he was Asia's lord—
But they both of 'em talked to butterflies
When they took their walks abroad.

Rudyard Kipling.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the
sea,

When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
The host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath
blown,

The host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew
still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:

And the tents were all silent, the banner alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Lord Byron.

Holy Days and Festivals

Sabbath

FRIDAY EVENING

Sarah, the Princess, at her door
Stands basking in the lowered sun;
The Sabbath light is on her face
Of many labors done.

Her brow is lined with graven lines,
A kerchief whitely round it tied;
Mother of mothers, tall and strong,
Broad-hipped and tender-eyed!

The tenements that teem with youth
Resound with children of her kin,
But she stands silent, Sabbath-eyed,
Her quiet soul within.

Her sons are like the rocks of earth,
So strong and terrible and mild,
Because she taught them ancient prayers
Too fearful for a child.

Their tightened lips and dreaming eyes
The promise of the Lord make sure,
Because her sons are built like rocks
That tremble, but endure.

When after days of fruitless toil
There comes the hope of Sabbath night,
Their little room and scanty meal
She sanctifies with light.

The sun has set; but in her eyes
Are Sabbath stars that never cease.
She goes to light her Sabbath lights
And call her sons to peace.

Jessie E. Sampter.

THE HEBREW'S FRIDAY NIGHT

Sweet Sabbath-Bride, the Hebrew's theme of praise,
Celestial maiden with the starry eyes,
Around thine head a sacred nimbus plays,
Thy smile is soft as lucent summer skies,
Before thy purity all evil dies.
In wedding-robe of stainless sunshine drest,
Thou dawnest on life's darkness, and it dies;
The bridal-wreath is lilies Heaven-blest,
The dowry peace and love and holiness and rest.

The father from the synagogue returns
(A singing-bird is nestling at his heart),
And from without the festive light discerns
Which tells his faithful wife has done her part
To welcome Sabbath with domestic art.
He enters and perceives the picture true,
And tears unbidden from his eyelids start,
As Paradise thus opens on his view,
And then he smiles and thanks God he is a Jew.

For "Friday night" is written on his home
In fair, white characters; his wife has spread
The snowy Sabbath-cloth; the Hebrew tome,
The flask and cup are at the table's head;
There's Sabbath magic in the very bread,
And royal fare the humble dishes seem;
A holy light the Sabbath candles shed;
Around, his children's shining faces beam;
He feels the strife of every day a far-off dream.

His buxom wife he kisses; then he lays
Upon each child's young head two loving hands
Of benediction, so in after-days,
When they shall be afar in other lands,
They shall be knit to God and home by bands
Of sacred memory. And then he makes
The blessing o'er the wine, and while each stands,
The quaintly convoluted bread he breaks,
Which tastes to all tonight more sweet than honeyed
cakes.

So in a thousand squalid Ghettos penned,
Engirt yet undismayed by perils vast,
The Jew, in hymns that marked his faith, would
spend
This night, and dream of all his glorious past,
And wait the splendors by his seers forecast.
And so, while medieval creeds at strife
With nature die, the Jew's ideals last;
The simple love of home and child and wife,
The sweet humanities which make our higher life.

Israel Zangwill.

SABBATH EVE

My mother cleaned the house to-day,
Till all was shining bright;
For Sabbath Queen is on her way,
And she will come to-night.

Said mother: "Little son of mine,
The house is clean and sweet.
I've blessed the candles that will shine
To guide Queen Sabbath's feet.

"But, little son, have you swept clean
Your heart, and set a light
Within your soul for Sabbath Queen
When she comes here to-night?"

E. C. Ehrlich.

Rosh Hashanah

New Year

THE NEW YEAR CARD

L'shono Tovo Tikkosev!

A time of health, of joy, of cheer,
I wish you all, both young and old,
At this, the turning of the year.

Once more I bring you hope, once more
From furrowed cheeks the tear I lave,
Once more upon my face you read
L'shono Tovo Tikkosev.

Like white-winged messengers of peace,
I voice my message, old yet new;
In every land, in every clime,
I bring good tidings to the Jew;
I circle round the world, I cross
Far distant lands, I ride the wave,
And everywhere I chant my song,
L'shono Tovo Tikkosev.

An endless chain of love I weave;
An endless hymn of hope I sing;
To darkest Russia's deep despair,
A ray of light and faith I bring;
In Persia, Italy, or France,
In "land of free and home of brave,"
To rich and poor this same refrain,
L'shono Tovo Tikkosev.

L'shono Tovo Tikkosev!
May God be with you, evermore;
For health, for life, for sweet content,
May you be written as of yore!
To you and all your kindred dear
Who for Jehovah's blessings crave,
The old, old greeting of the Jew,
L'shono Tovo Tikkosev.

THE JEWISH YEAR

Our year begins with burnished leaves
That flame in frost and rime,
With purple grapes and golden sheaves
In harvest time.

Our year begins with biting cold,
With winds and storms and rain;
The new year of the Jew grows old
In strife and pain.

When others say the year has died,
We say the year is new,
And we arise with power and pride
To prove it true.

For we begin where others end,
And fight where others yield;
And all the year we work and tend
Our harvest field.

And after days of stormy rain
And days of drought and heat,
When those that toiled have reaped their
grain,
And all's complete.

Oh, then, when God has kept his word,
In peace we end our year.
Our fruit is certain from the Lord,
We shall not fear.

Jessie E. Sampter.

NEW YEAR FOR THE JEWS!

"The leaves of the Autumn are blowing,
are blowing,
And birds are departing, and sunsets are
glowing
And storms are at sea;
What harvest to gather, what fruit for the
sowing,
What increase for me?

"What harvest for Jews that must wander
and wander?
They are poor, though the earth have a
surplus to squander,
For no land is theirs.
What news can you tell of a harvest out
yonder,
While here one despairs?"

With the death of the year we its vintage
are bringing,
In the Land of the Jew whence salvation is
springing;
For our hope we renew!
In the Psalmist's own tongue are the har-
vesters singing
In the Land of the Jew.

In orchards where children the fruit-trees
are shaking,

The count of the harvest the watchmen
are taking,
And telling good news.
The old year is dying, the new year awaking,
New Year for the Jews!

Jessie E. Sampter.

THE SHOFAR CALL

Within the synagogue the light is dim;
The air is hushed around;
Even the silence seems to pray until
We hear the Shofar sound.

O Shofar, tell our souls we need not fear,
Though long and hard the way;
O Shofar, bind us with thy sacred strain,
Till each young heart will echo Israel's
pain,
And, like a trumpet clear,
Sound to the world the vow we pledge
anew:
To bear all-worthy the name of Jew,
Throughout the coming year!

E. C. Ehrlich.

Yom Kippur

HYMN FOR DAY OF ATONEMENT

O Thou, who makest guilt to disappear,
My help, my hope, my rock, I will not fear;
Though Thou the body hold in dungeon drear,
The soul has found the palace of the King!

Unheeding all my sins, I cling to Thee!
I know that mercy shall Thy footstool be:
Before I call, O do Thou answer me,
For nothing dare I claim of Thee, my King!

But Judah should behold that brighter day
For which these kneeling pilgrims humbly plead,
And like a star on Zion's bosom lay
Her beautiful and shining golden head.

Moses Nachmanides.

YOM KIPPUR.

To Thee we give ourselves to-day,
Forgetful of the world outside;
We tarry in Thy house, O Lord,
From eventide to eventide.

From Thy all-searching, righteous eye
Our deepest heart can nothing hide;
It crieth up to Thee for peace
From eventide to eventide.

Who could endure, shouldst Thou, O God,
As we deserve, forever chide!
We therefore seek Thy pardoning grace
From eventide to eventide.

Rabbi Gustav Gottheil.

ATONEMENT

Day by day, through all the year
In the Book that none may read
All my thoughts and deeds appear;
Now I count with hope and fear
Every thought and deed.

Day by day, through all this year
That is coming clean and new,
Let my heart Thy precepts hear,
And the written page appear
Worthy of a Jew.

Jessie E. Sampter.

A DREAM

I shall not taste of food to-day,
Nor think of food at all,
But all the day I mean to pray—
Although they say I'm small—
I mean to pray among the crowd
That ask forgiveness low or loud.

Last night I heard Kol Nidre sung;
The Cantor's voice was deep,
And back and forth the people swung—
I think I fell asleep;
I dreamed my Mother took my hand
And led me through a desert land.

But on the ground were cookies round
As white as milk and sweet;
Enough for all the day I found,
I seemed to eat and eat.
Then Mother said, "By this 'tis known
Man does not live by bread alone."

"Awake, my pet," my Mother said,
When all the prayers were through.
"I know the Lord who gives us bread
Will grant us pardon, too."
I shall not wish to eat to-day;
My dream will feed me while I pray.

Jessie E. Sampter.

Succoth and Simchath Torah

SUCCOTH HYMN

O God who crowns the year with good,
Who girds with joy the hills,
Who blesses vineyard, field and wood,
And flocks beside the rills,
(Those cool and shadowy waters, where
Young David used to play!)
O God of Harvest, hear the prayer
Our People raise to-day!

Who gathers now the golden grain,
A harvest none may reap?
Who herds the flocks across the plain
Where hungry orphans weep?
Like mourners of all joy stripped bare,
The lonely fruit trees sway;
O God of Harvest, hear the prayer,
Our People raise to-day!

We are a weary folk, O God,
In grief and tears grown old:
Give back the hills our fathers trod,
Their harvest fields of gold;
Return to us their vineyards fair,
That lie so far away;
O God of Harvest, hear the prayer
Our People raise to-day!

E. C. Ehrlich.

THE LULAB

We live in narrow alleys
Where hovels stand in rows—
Our hearts are in the valleys
Where rose of Sharon grows.

From bartering, peddling, selling
We seek a moment's calm—
Our hearts today are dwelling
Where citron grows with palm.

We come from stinting, suffering,
From streets that pennies yield,
And bring the Lord our offering,
The produce of the field.

Unlanded, robbed and driven,
And happy to escape,
Our dreams today are given
To farm and flock and grape.

In many a stone-bound city,
Still roofed beneath the skies,
The Lord of boundless pity
Lets little bowers arise.

And in those tabernacles—
The wanderer's blessed relief—
He turns our heavy shackles
To strings of fruit and leaf.

Who bring in want and sorrow
The stranger's fruit with psalms
Shall plant in joy tomorrow
Their citrons and their palms.

Jessie E. Sampter.

HOSHANA

O God! like lost sheep we have gone astray;
From out Thy book wipe not our name away.

Save! O save!

O God! Thy sheep! the sheep whom Thou
didst tend
In pasture; Thy creation and Thy friend.

Save! O save!

O God! the poor among the sheep! Take
heed:
Answer in time of favor to their need.

Save! O save!

O God! let saviours come to Zion at length,
Endowed of Thee, and saved by Thy Name's
strength.

Save! O save!

O God! and Thou wilt surely not forget
Her, by love-tokens bought, that hopeth yet.

Save! O save!

O God! these seeking Thee with willow bough!
Regard their crying from Thine Heaven now.

Save! O save!

O God! as with a crown bless Thou the year;
Yea, Lord, my singing, I beseech Thee, hear.

Save! O save!

SIMCHATH TORAH

Lechayim, my brethren, Lechayim, I say!
Health, peace and good fortune I wish you today.
Today we have ended the Torah once more,
Today we begin it anew, as of yore.
Be thankful and glad and the Lord extol,
Who gave us the Law on its parchment scroll.

The Torah has been our consolation,
Our help in exile and sore privation.
Lost have we all we were wont to prize,
Our holy temple a ruin lies.
Laid waste is the land where our songs were sung,
Forgotten our language, our mother tongue.

Of kingdom and priesthood are we bereft,
Our faith is our only treasure left.
God in our hearts, the Law in our hands,
We have wandered sadly through many lands.
We have suffered much, yet behold, we live
Through the comfort the law alone can give.

From the Yiddish of J. L. Gordon.

Chanukah

THE BANNER OF THE JEW

Wake, Israel, wake! Recall to-day
The glorious Maccabean rage,
The sire heroic, hoary-gray,
His five-fold lion lineage:
The Wise, the Elect, the Help-of-God,
The Burst-of-Spring, the Avenging Rod.

From Mizpah's mountain-ridge they saw
Jerusalem's empty streets, her shrine
Laid waste where Greeks profaned the Law
With idol and with Pagan sign.
Mourners in tattered black were there,
With ashes sprinkled on their hair.

Then from the stony peak there rang
A blast to open the graves; down poured
The Maccabean clan, who sang
Their battle-anthem to the Lord.
Five heroes lead, and following, see,
Ten thousand rush to victory!

Oh! for Jerusalem's trumpet now,
To blow a blast of shattering power,
To wake the sleepers high and low,

And rouse them to the urgent hour!
No hand for vengeance—but to save,
A million naked swords should wave.

Oh! deem not dead that martial fire,
Say not the mystic flame is spent!
With Moses' law and David's lyre,
Your ancient strength remains unbent.
Let but an Ezra rise anew
To lift the banner of the Jew!

A rag, a mock at first—ere long,
When men have bled and women wept
To guard its precious folds from wrong,
Even they who shrunk, even they who slept,
Shall leap to bless it and to save.
Strike! for the brave revere the brave!

Emma Lazarus.

THE FEAST OF LIGHTS

Kindle the taper like the steadfast star
Ablaze on evening's forehead o'er the earth,
And add each night a lustre, till afar
An eightfold splendor shine above thy hearth.
Clash, Israel, the cymbals, touch the lyre,
Blow the brass trumpet and the harsh-tongued
horn;
*Chant psalms of vict'ry till the heart take fire,
The Maccabean spirit leap new-born.*

Remember how from wintry dawn till night,
Such songs were sung in Zion, when again
On the high altar flamed the sacred light,
And, purified from every Syrian stain,
The foam-white walls with golden shields were
hung,
With crowns and silken spoils, and at the shrine
Stood, midst their conqueror-tribe, five chieftains,
sprung
From one heroic stock, one seed divine.

Five branches grown from Mattathias' stem,
The Blessed John, the Keen-Eyed Jonathan,
Simon the Fair, the Burst-of-Spring, the Gem,
Eleazar, Help-of-God; o'er all his clan
Judas, the Lion-Prince, th' Avenging-Rod,
Towered in warrior-beauty, uncrowned king,
Armed with the breastplate and the sword of God,
Whose praise is: "He received the perishing."

They who had camped within the mountain pass,
Couched on the rock, and tented 'neath the sky,
Who saw from Mizpah's heights the tangled grass
Choke the wide temple courts; the altar lie
Disfigured and polluted; who had flung
Their faces on the stones, and mourned aloud,
And rent their garments, wailing with one tongue,
Crushed as a wind-swept bed of reeds is bowed,
E'en they, by one voice fired, one heart of flame,
Though broken reeds, had risen and were men;
They rushed upon the spoiler and o'ercame;
Each arm for freedom had the strength of ten.

Now is their mourning into dancing turned,
Their sackcloth doffed for garments of delight;
Week-long the festive torches shall be burned,
Music and revelry wed day and night.

Still ours the dance, the feast, the glorious Psalm,
The mystic lights of emblem, and the Word.
Where is our Judas? Where our five-branched palm?
Where are the lion-warriors of the Lord?
Clash, Israel, the cymbals, touch the lyre,
Sound the brass trumpet and the harsh-tongued
horn,
Chant hymns of vict'ry till the heart take fire,
The Maccabean spirit leap new-born!

Emma Lazarus.

MATTATHIAS

He struck the traitor to the earth,
He raised his sword that all might see;
His words rang like a trumpet blast:
"All who are faithful, follow me!"

From near and far all Israel came;
They rallied to his battle cry;
They prayed unto the God of Peace,
And for their Law went forth to die—

To die—and yet today they live;
Far down the centuries flaming see
That beacon-sword! Hear that strong cry:
"All who are faithful, follow me!"

E. C. Ehrlich.

JUDAS MACCABAEUS

(In Armor Before His Tent.)

The trumpets sound; the echoes of the mountains
Answer them, as the Sabbath morning breaks
Over Beth-horen and its battle-field,
Where the great captain of the hosts of God,
A slave brought up in the brick-fields of Egypt,
O'ercame the Amorites. There was no day
Like that, before or after it, nor shall be.
The sun stood still; the hammers of the hail
Beat on their harness; and the captains set
Their weary feet on the necks of kings,
As I will upon thine, Antiochus,
Thou man of blood;—Behold the rising sun
Strikes on the golden letters of my banner,
Oh, Elohim Yehovah! Who is like
To thee, O Lord, among the gods?—Alas,
I am not Joshua, I cannot say,
“Sun, stand thou still on Gideon, and thou Moon,
In Ajalon!” Nor am I one who wastes
The fateful time in useless lamentation;
But one who bears his life upon his hand
To lose it or to save it, as may best
Serve the designs of Him who giveth life.

H. W. Longfellow.

HANNAH IN THE DUNGEONS

Be strong, my heart!

Break not till they are dead,

All, all my seven sons; then burst asunder,

And let this tortured and tormented soul

Leap and rush out like water through the shards

Of earthen vessels broken at a well.

O my dear children, mine in life and death,

I neither gave you breath, nor gave you life.

And neither was it I that formed the members

Of every one of you. But the Creator,

Who made the world, and made the heavens
above us,

Who formed the generations of mankind,

And found out the beginning of all things,

He gave you breath and life, and will again

Of his own mercy, as ye now regard

Not your own selves, but his eternal law.

I do not murmur, nay, I thank Thee God,

That I and mine have not been deemed unworthy

To suffer for Thy sake, and for Thy law,

And for the many sins of Israel.

Hark! I can hear within the sounds of scourges!

I feel them more than ye do, O my sons!

But cannot come to you. I, who was wont

To wake at night at the least cry ye made,

To whom ye ran at every slightest hurt,—

I cannot take you now into my lap

And soothe your pain, but God will take you all

Into his pitying arms, and comfort you,

And give you rest.

(Selected from the play of Judas Maccabaens.)

Henry W. Longfellow.

THE CALL

Victor of God, O thou whose lamp of fame,
Fed with the fire of immortality
Doth swing, triumphant, 'cross the glooming sea
Of time! Preserver of thy country's name!
Judas, whose heart and arm were as a flame
To burn and burst the bands of slavery,
And rage about the witching upas tree
Of Grecian glamour and of Grecian shame!
Soul of th' undying dead! Arise and hear
The troubled cry of Israel that comes
And quivers o'er his fathers' ancient tombs,
And perishes in night of doubt and fear!
While East and West voice self-shaped destinies
Come, great Deliverer, arise, arise!

H. Snowman.

SONG OF THE CHANUKAH CANDLES

When night-time comes to Kislev days,
And winds are whistling loud,
I love to watch the tiny blaze
Where Fancy's pictures crowd.

Here, where the holy fires burn,
A thousand glories cling;
Spirits of ages fast return—
I hear the candles sing.

What melodies are in the flames?
Where can the wonder be?
I hear the candles in their frames
All sing triumphantly:

"God of the ancient Maccabees,
Throned in the Holy place;
God of the righteous victories,
God of the chosen race!
Lord, who hast thy nation freed,
Thou, who lightest the Ner Tomid,
O Light of all our days,
For memories these fires know
The breath of dying candles go
On High to sing thy praise!

"Land of the heroes' sacrifice,
Home that is yet to be;
Land of the hope that never dies,
Zion, we turn to thee!
Like human souls we bow, and pray
God will grant the longed-for day,
When the light of Israel shall not wane.
Jerusalem, to thee we bend,
The breath of dying candles send
Their flames to one shall shine again!"

Samuel S. Grossman.

CHANUKAH DREAMS

Chanukah I think most dear
Of the feasts of all the year.
I could sit and watch all night
Every twinkling baby light.

Father lights the first one—green;
Hope it always seems to mean;
Hope and Strength to glow anew
In the heart of every Jew.

Jacob lights the blue for Truth.
Pink for Love is lit by Ruth.
Then the white one falls to me,
White that shines for Purity.

How the story of those days
Fills my wondering heart with praise!
And in every flame one sees
The heroic Maccabees.

J. Ish-Kishor.

JUDAH MACCABEE

Judah Maccabee,
Give a sword to me
Now, in youth!
By the candles' light
Kindled here to-night,
Do I vow to fight
For the truth.

Still the Greeks are here,
Still we yield in fear,
Cringe and cower.
Judah Maccabee,
Make my people free
That their eyes may see
Israel's power!

Jessie E. Sampter.

Chamisho Osor Bi-Shevat

THE WANDERER'S TREE

I have no garden by my house,
Nor yet a little yard,
But all around
Above the ground
The stones are cold and hard.

And yet I plant a little tree
Within my garden plot,
And it shall grow—
"B'chamisho
Osor bishevat."

I always move from place to place,
I've even crossed the sea,
But in a spot
That changes not
I plant my little tree.

And ever growing, ever green,
'Twill shade what house is mine;
In that dear land
My tree shall stand—
In blessed Palestine.

Jessie E. Sampter.

PALESTINE SPRING SONG

Through the wide and verdant meadows
Lads are bearing plough and hoe;
"Aleph-beth," the master teaches,
While they saunter to and fro.

Tree, an "aleph"—tree, a "beth"—
And the "gimel" is a tree;
Trees the symbols, writ on green,
Far as any eye can see!

Here's the Torah, dearest children;
Learn its words and hold it dear;
Plant and sow, you merry striplings—
Look about you—Spring is here!

Study in the book of nature,
And in all that's written there;
In this land, who plants a sapling
Flings the flag his comrades bear.

Translated from the Hebrew by Abraham Burstein.

Purim

GOOD PURIM! GOOD PURIM!

Purim is here now at last, and again comes the
wonderful day,

Bringing us memories we cherish, and bidding all
cares pass away!

Purim has come as a joy-day, to fill us with thoughts
of great deeds,

Telling of victories triumphant they won without
bloodshed or war,

Showing how noble the heroes, how great is the
God we adore!

Purim's reign is here again; everything to-day
Strives to shine with the joy divine, seeming now
to say,—

“Good Purim! Good Purim! Happy day of gladness!
Good Purim! Good Purim! Drive away all sadness!
Once a year, filled with cheer, Purim's here,
A welcome, gladsome Purim!

On high, aloft, let's raise our voices,
The sky smiles soft when youth rejoices,
O welcome, gladsome Purim!

Good Purim! Good Purim! Happy day of gladness!
Good Purim! Good Purim! Drive away all sadness!”

Samuel S. Grossman.

A PURIM POEM

You know the tale of Queen Esther,
The queen so well named the "Star,"
And of Mordecai, humble and faithful,
Who guided her life from afar.
Long, long ago lived Queen Esther!
But you must be Esthers too,
You maidens with eyes so thoughtful,
Who bear the proud name of Jew!
And you boys with your hearts a-flaming
With the dawn of your manhood's might,
Remember how Mordecai humble
Stood firm for his faith—and the right!
How, clad in his sackcloth and ashes,
As he sat in the dust by the gate,
Yet he pointed the way to Queen Esther
To suffer, and dare, and be great.
You know how the old story ended—
How Haman the dastard at last
Met the fate he had planned for another—
And Israel's danger was past!
But Israel needs now, as ever,
Strong hearts that are fearless and true,
And her honor that Mordecai guarded
Is left now, dear children, with you.
Be fearless! Nay, why should you falter,
When God ever guardeth the right?
Be loyal! The faith of your fathers
Hath shone through dark years like a light!
And if ever you tire in the struggle,

And the right seems o'ercome and afar,
Then remember the old Purim story,
The story of Esther the "Star."

Isabella R. Hess.

MORDECAI

Make friends with him! He is of royal line
Although he sits in rags. Not all of thine
Array of splendor, pomp of high estate,
Can buy him from his place within the gate,
Never obeisance making, never scorn
Betraying of thy silver and new-born
Delight. Make friends with him, for unawares
The charmed secret of thy joys he bears;
Be glad, so long as his black sackcloth, late
And early, thwarts thy sun; for if in hate
Thou plottest for his blood, thy own death-cry,
Not his, comes from the gallows cubits high.

H. H. Jackson.

Pesach

PASSOVER HYMN

Jeshurun! all who see
Thy glory cry to Thee.
"Who like thy God can be?"
Thus even our foes did say.

Oh! let thy banner soar
The scattered remnants o'er,
And gather them once more
Like corn on harvest day.

When as a wall the sea
In heaps uplifted lay,
A new song unto Thee
Sang the redeemed that day.

Thou didst in his conceit
O'erwhelm the Egyptian's feet,
While Israel's footsteps fleet
How beautiful were they!

Jehuda Halevi.

THE DESTRUCTION OF PHARAOH

Mourn, Mizraim, mourn! The weltering wave
Wails loudly o'er Egyptia's brave
Where lowly laid they sleep;
The salt sea rusts the helmet's crest;
The warrior takes his ocean-rest,
Full far below the deep.
The deep, the deep, the drear deep!
Wail, wail, Egyptia, mourn and weep!
For many a mighty legion fell
Before the God of Israel.

Wake, Israel, wake the harp. The roar
Of ocean's wave on Mizraim's shore
Rolls now o'er many a crest.
Where, now, the iron chariot's sweep?

Where Pharaoh's host? Beneath the deep
His armies take their rest.
Shout, Israel! Let the joyful cry
Pour forth the notes of victory;
High let it swell across the sea,
For Jacob's weary tribes are free!

John Ruskin, written at the age of thirteen.

WITH A MIGHTY HAND AND AN OUTSTRETCHED ARM

Red Seas! Red Seas, thunder upon your face!
And who shall strive as the Pharaohs drive
To give your foot no place,
And all the threatening world draws in
To crush you in the race:
But the Lord shall stay the great alarm
With a mighty hand and an outstretched arm.

Red Seas! Red Seas, the tide of a Syrian horde!
And you shall bend to the gods they send
And these shall be your lord,
Or offer your blood for a sacrifice
And kneel before the sword:
But the Lord shall stay the great alarm
With a mighty hand and an outstretched arm.

Red Seas! Red Seas! And the eagle screams his hate;
The legions march with spear and torch,
And Rome is at your gate
To fling you naked to the world
And reave you of your state:

But the Lord shall stay the great alarm
With a mighty hand and an outstretched arm.

Red Seas! Red Seas! And the wolf skulks at your
back;

His jaws are lean and he prowls unseen,
And he never leaves the track,
And the Inquisition shall hunt you down
To the terrible lair of the rack;

But the Lord shall stay the great alarm
With a mighty hand and an outstretched arm.

Red Seas! Red Seas! And a short-lived peace shall die
In a crimson shroud, when the fearful cloud
Of a Kisheneff sweeps by,
And Death stares in at your homeless ones
And pity makes no cry:

But the Lord shall stay the great alarm
With a mighty hand and an outstretched arm.

Red Seas! Red Seas! When the Egypts closely lie,
And the terrors stand on every hand
And brood across the sky,
Then the Lord shall lead the great escape
And smite the waters dry:

And the Lord shall stay the great alarm
With a mighty hand and an outstretched arm.

Isaac Hassler.

SEDER NIGHT

Why are the hearts of our people so light?
Why is it, home is so wondrously bright?
Happiness, holiness, shining o'er all,
Hear how the men from the synagogue call,
 "Gut-Yomtove, Gut-Yomtove!" It's Pesach to-night!
The Seder is set, and around in a ring
We Princes are sitting, and father is King,
While heaven is hearing the songs that we sing;
 "Tis Yomtove, Gut-Yomtove!" It's Pesach to-night!

"Father, four questions: O why do we do
All these strange things?" Then he tells us anew
Beautiful stories of Passover night;
And mother says low, as we hear him recite,
 "Be proud, little fellow, be proud you're a Jew!"
I hear how the Jews pass across the Red Sea;
God is their leader, and now they are free!
The chosen of God, and His children are we!
 I'm proud, and I'm happy, *I'm proud I'm a Jew!*
 Samuel S. Grossman.

WHY MYER LIKES PESACH

My, I'm glad the winter's over,
And that Pesach is so near,
'Cause I think the night of Seder
Is the best time of the year.

I can stay up long that evening;
All the silver's polished bright;
And the dishes are all shining,
And the cloth is clean and white.

And my brothers and big sister,
Who's moved to some other place,
All are gathered 'round the table,
When my papa says the grace.

Then I ask him why that evening
Isn't like another night;
And my mamma smiles at grandma
'Cause I read the Hebrew right.

Afterwards I find the matzoh—
Sister says it isn't fair,
'Cause I know that papa hides it
In the cushions of his chair.

'Bout that time I'm kinda sleepy;
But I just hold up my head:
How could they say the 'Had Gadya,
If I had to go to bed?

When I wake up it is morning
And the sun is shining bright;
And I wish that it was next year,
And another Seder night!

E. C. Ehrlich.

PASSOVER SONG

The birds return through leagues of space,
On barren trees the blossoms burn.
Ye banished birds of Israel's race,
Now call: Return, return!

Two thousand years have Israel's sons
Still prayed: "Next year—Jerusalem."
The swallow flies, the beetle runs,
For wish is deed with them.

But Israel's children pray and sing,
And fast and feast and pray again,
And cry, "O Lord, we wait our king,
To ease our ancient pain!"

Throw off the cloaks in bondage worn
That hide your garments kingly white,
For you must go to-morrow morn,
Since this is Pesach night.

Jessie E. Sampter.

SONG OF MIRIAM

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed,—his people are free!
Sing,—for the pride of the tyrant is broken;
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,—
How vain was their boasting, for the Lord hath
but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed,—his people are free!

Praise to the Conqueror! Praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?

For the Lord has looked out from His pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed,—his people are free!

Thomas Moore.

Lag B'omer

BAR KOCHBA'S PICTURE

I often wonder, when I think
Of all the strength Bar Kochba had,
And all the tales they tell of him,
What makes him look so sad,
As though he had a fearful sin?
Is it because we didn't win?

Why, we were last in all the world
To keep our freedom against Rome!
And Rome brought all her thundering strength
To crush us and our home.
So I just look the longest while
And try to make Bar Kochba smile.

Judith Ish-Kishor.

Shavuoth

"TO FETCH THE TORAH DOWN"

The Angels came a-mustering,
A-mustering, a-mustering,

The Angels came a-clustering
Around the sapphire throne.

A-questioning of one another,
Of one another, of one another,
A-questioning each one his brother
Around the sapphire throne.

Pray who is he, and where is he,
And where is he, and where is he,
Who shining casts—so fair is he—
A shadow on the throne?

Pray who has up to heaven come,
To heaven come, to heaven come,
Through all the circles seven come,
To fetch the Torah down?

'Tis Moses up to heaven come,
To heaven come, to heaven come,
Through all the circles seven come,
To fetch the Torah down.

Israel Zangwill.

HYMN FOR SHAVUOTH

When Thou didst descend upon Sinai's mountain,
It trembled and shook 'neath Thy mighty hand,
And the rocks were moved by Thy power and
splendor;
How then can my spirit before Thee stand,
On the day when darkness o'erspreads the heavens,

And the sun is hidden at Thy command?
The angels of God, for Thy great name's worship,
Are ranged before Thee, a shining band,
And the children of men are waiting ever
Thy mercies, unnumbered as grains of sand,
The Law they receive from the mouth of Thy glory,
They learn and consider and understand;
Oh! accept Thou their song, and rejoice in their
gladness
Who proclaim Thy glory in every land.

Jehuda Halevi.

(From the Hebrew by Mrs. Henry Lucas)

RUTH, THE GLEANER

She stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,—
Which were blackest none could tell;
But long lashes veiled a light,
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat with shady brim
Made her tressy forehead dim;

Thus she stood among the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks:

Sure, I said, heav'n did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

Thomas Hood.

RUTH AND NAOMI

Farewell? Oh, no! It may not be;
My firm resolve is heard on high!
I will not breathe farewell to thee,
Save only in my dying sigh.
I know not that I now could bear
Forever from thy side to part,
And live without a friend to share
The treasured sadness of my heart.

I will not boast a martyr's might
To leave my home without a sigh,
The dwelling of my past delight,
The shelter where I hoped to die.
In such a duty, such an hour,
The weak are strong, the timid brave;
For love puts on an angel's power,
And faith grows mightier than the grave.

For where thou goest, I will go;
With thine my earthly lot is cast;
In pain and pleasure, joy and woe,

Will I attend thee to the last.
That hour shall find me by thy side,
And where thy grave is, mine shall be:
Death can but for a time divide
My firm and faithful heart from thee.

William Oliver Bourne Peabody.

RUTH

The plume-like swaying of the auburn corn,
By soft winds to a dreamy motion fanned,
Still brings me back thine image—O forlorn,
Yet not forsaken Ruth! I see thee stand
Lone, 'midst the gladness of the harvest band—
Lone, as a wood bird on the ocean's foam
Fallen in its weariness. Thy fatherland
Smiles far away! Yet to the sense of home—
That finest, purest, which can recognize
Home in affection's glance—forever true
Beats thy calm heart; and if thy gentle eyes
Gleam tremulous through tears, 'tis not to rue
Those words, immortal in their deep love's tone,
"Thy people and thy God shall be mine own!"

Felicia Hemans.

Tisha B'ab

"OH! WEEP FOR THOSE"

Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;

POEMS FOR YOUNG JUDAEANS

Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the godless
dwell!

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest!
The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave!

Lord Byron.

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE SAT
DOWN AND WEPT

We sat down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
Made Salem's high places his prey;
And ye, O her desolate daughters!
Were scattered all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river
Which rolled on in freedom below,
They demanded the song but, Oh, never
That triumph the stranger shall know!
May this right hand be wither'd forever,
Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

On the willow that harp is suspended,
O Salem! its sound should be free;
And the hour when thy glories were ended
But left me that token of thee,
And ne'er shall its soft tone be blended
With the voice of the spoiler by me!

Lord Byron.

ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM BY TITUS

From the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome,
I beheld thee. O Zion, when render'd to Rome:
'Twas thy last sun went down, and the flames of thy
fall
Flash'd back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

I look'd for thy temple, I look'd for my home,
And forgot for a moment my bondage to come;
I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy fane,
And the fast fetter'd hands that made vengeance
in vain.

On many an eve, the high spot whence I gazed
Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed:
While I stood on the height and beheld the decline
Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy
shrine.

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,
But I mark'd not the twilight beam melting away!
Oh! would that the lightning had glared in its stead,
And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's head!

But the gods of the Pagan shall never profane
The shrine where Jehovah disdain'd not to reign;
And scatter'd and scorn'd as thy people may be,
Our worship, O Father, is only for thee.

Lord Byron.

THE WAILING PLACE IN JERUSALEM

With heads bowed down, they stand with stream-
ing eyes,

Before the ruined wall, whose grimy stones
Are crumbling with the weight of centuries,
And read their Mincha-prayer in mournful tones.

Their garb proclaims them men of many lands:

Those dwell amid the northern snows, and these
Have wandered far from Yemen's burning sands,
Or sought their way across the western seas.

Not here alone do wailing figures stand!

Not here alone do tears of sorrow flow!
In every clime they beat, with clenched hand
Against the stones of Israel's wall of woe.

In every land there rises, stern and great,

This self-same wail of torment and of fears,
Its courses laid with stones of scorn and hate,
And bonded with cement of blood and tears.

Louis Federleicht.

JEREMIAH'S LAMENTATION FOR JERUSALEM

How doth the city sit alone,
Where peoples went and came!
That was a princess on her throne
Is groveling low in shame.

The children of my People groan
As in a wine-press crushed;
On every street our youths are thrown,
Our babies' cries are hushed.

Their mothers' wailing tells us how
For bread they spent their breath,
And in their mothers' bosoms now
They pour their souls in death.

The Lord hath done as first he spake:
Our sins have brought us low.
Oh, save for all thy children's sake!
Oh, heal thy daughter's woe!

Jessie E. Sampter.

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